

The TATLER

Vol. CLVIII. No. 2052

London
October 23, 1940



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MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD

FACTS No 13

We help the war effort if we buy what happens to be plentiful in our own locality. Stocks naturally vary a little in different parts of the country, but here is a "plenty list" which applies to most places:

HOME-KILLED MEAT • COFFEE • POTATOES

OATMEAL • HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Dry Apples

We may be short of apples later in the year—through bringing munitions instead of apples in the ships from Canada. So here is a way of



preserving the present supply—it can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit.

Wipe the apples, remove cores with a round corer and peel thinly. Cut out any blemishes. Slice into rings about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Steep the rings for 10 minutes in water containing $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. salt to the gallon.

Thread the rings on sticks or spread on slatted trays or cake racks covered with muslin. Dry in a very cool oven (leaving the door open to let the steam escape) or over a hot cylinder or on the rack of a stove, until they resemble chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 120° F. At this heat the process usually takes about 4 hours. Turn once or twice during drying. Cool for 12 hours, then pack in paper bags, jars or tins and store in a dry place.

How to Make Porridge

A double saucepan or porringer is excellent for making porridge. If you have not got one, use a 2 lb. stone jam jar in a saucepan of boiling water.

Allow 2 ozs. medium oatmeal to 1 pint water. Bring the water to the boil. Sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Sprinkle slowly so that the water does not go off the boil. Boil and stir for

5 minutes, then put in a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and simmer for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

If you have a hay-box (see Food Facts No. 12 for how to make one) boil the porridge for 5 minutes as before, then leave in the hay-box all night. In the morning reheat and serve.

Two Ways with Swedes

BAKED

Swedes are delicious baked round the joint. Peel them thinly, cut into neat cubes and arrange round the meat in the baking tin. Baste from time to time. When they are golden brown they are ready.

MASHED

If preferred, boil the swedes in a very little salted water until tender. Drain (using the water for gravy) and mash with a little dripping. Add a dash of pepper and serve piping hot.

Home-Killed Meat

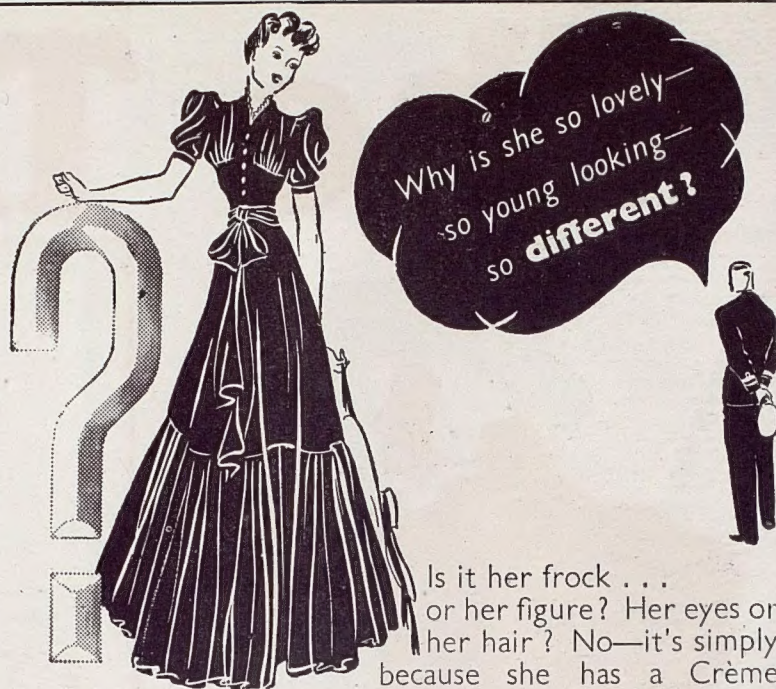
Buy home-killed meat—and so assist our farmers and help to build up our reserves of imported meat. This needn't increase your housekeeping bills. Home-killed second quality is as good as imported and just as cheap. For instance, home-killed second quality boneless silverside, which goes such a long way with carrots and dumplings, costs 1/4d per lb.

Beef cuts for stews are excellent bargains. Boneless neck of beef (1/2d per lb. first quality and 1d. second quality) is ideal pie and pudding meat. You can make rich soups from clod and sticking, or knee joints (get the butcher to crack the bones for you).

Other economical cuts are brisket of beef, breast of mutton, sheep's hearts, hand with foot (pork), and knuckle of veal.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

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"A GENTLEMAN AND HIS HOUNDS!"

It is a good serving toast at any time and at the present moment more than ever so, when "escape" pursuits are so desirable. The particular Master is Major A. K. Jackson, D.S.O., M.C., and the hounds are the Aldershot Beagles, which have always done so much towards keeping the officers of the command fit in wind and limb. Major Jackson was formerly in the Warwickshire Regiment. Some more pictures of the doings of this pack are on page 111 in this issue



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

the older school of diplomacy it would have been unthinkable that an ambassador should take up his post with a scarcely veiled threat that his new hosts will be blockaded if they do not fall in with his country's wishes.

Count Schulenberg, the German Ambassador

was to have retired from his post on account of ill health even before the actual outbreak of war.

Had he done so he would have been succeeded by another, Reginald, to wit Mr. R. A. Leeper, of the Foreign Office. Indeed, Mr. Leeper was actually appointed, had made some progress with learning Rumanian and had almost started to pack his bags. At the last moment it was decided that his special experience in the Foreign Office required that he should be kept in England to form and direct a new wartime department.

An air of great secrecy has been maintained about the work and whereabouts of this body which deals with a myriad different aspects of political intelligence. It can be written to by addressing the letter to an office on the Embankment and can only be spoken to on the telephone—unless you are one of a privileged few—through a telephone operator who undertakes to pass on your message to Mr. Leeper or one of his staff.

Lest it might be thought that I am giving away something of value to the enemy I should explain that the address on the Embankment gives no clue to the actual whereabouts of this excellent little brains trust.

Another Hoare Makes Good

Those who have had an opportunity to appraise and appreciate his work in Madrid are unanimous in declaring that the appointment of Sir Samuel Hoare as Ambassador to Spain a few months ago has proved to have been a wise one. Sir Samuel has established terms of close friendship with Colonel Beigbeider Franco's late Foreign Minister, and his influence in Madrid has become considerable.

Sir Samuel was for long criticized in London on the grounds that he was a leading exponent of the pre-war "appeasement" policy. But those who knew him well during the period when he was Foreign Secretary had a clear

(Continued on page 106)



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WITH THE "GAY GORDONS"

H.R.H., who is Colonel-in-Chief of this grand old Highland Regiment, with some of the officers of one of its battalions somewhere in the north-east of Scotland. The Duke of Gloucester is by "trade," a cavalry soldier (10th Hussars). The names in the picture, taken watching the approach of the pipes, are l. to r.: Captain and Adjutant T. Adam, Major A. L. S. Mitchell, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. F. Johnston, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Major-General Sir James Burnett of Leys and Colonel T. Ogilvie

Wilken

Moscow in the Limelight

ALL eyes are turned on Moscow. What will the Soviet Union do now that the long threatened German move into the Balkans has started? Sir Stafford Cripps might be able to tell us. But since he became an ambassador Sir Stafford has become the most correct of diplomats. He likes to conduct his conversations with the Kremlin in an atmosphere of impenetrable secrecy.

There is much to be said for trusting the man on the spot and in this particular matter Sir Stafford has the full support of his American colleague, Mr. Steinhardt. Both ambassadors have asked that there should be no speculation on Russia's probable line of conduct. This can mean only one thing; that the Kremlin is quite naturally nervous, fears attack by Germany on any pretext, no matter how flimsy and is determined to say or do nothing which might be seized on by Berlin as "unfriendly."

Pressed from Both Sides

To increase Soviet preoccupation a new Japanese Ambassador is on his way to Moscow in the person of General Tatekawa, who has given a clear hint of the spirit in which he will conduct his mission.

It is understandable that Tokyo should wish to frustrate any chance of Russia getting on to closer terms with the United States, but in

has also been employing the notorious Nazi mixtures of worthless promises coupled with dark threats and insolent contempt. So one way and another M. Molotov has not been having a very easy or pleasant time. For the realists in the Kremlin it has not been pleasant to learn that Japan is making great efforts to induce Marshal Chiang-Kai-shek to negotiate terms of peace.

The Rexes of Rumania

Sir Reginald Hoare's closing days in Bucharest must have been exceedingly trying. He has proved, however, fully equal to every occasion and stood up remarkably to the strain when one remembers that he



LORD LLOYD INSPECTING THE WOMEN'S OVERSEAS' TRANSPORT CORPS

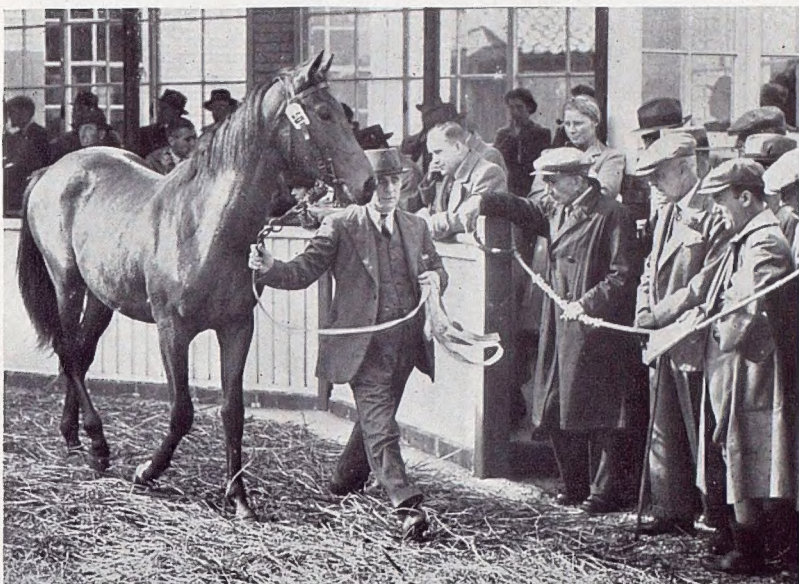
Lord Lloyd, the Secretary for the Colonies and, incidentally, one of the grandest fighters in the political world, inspecting the unit destined to serve with the South African Field Force, and its commandant.

Mrs. Frank Newell

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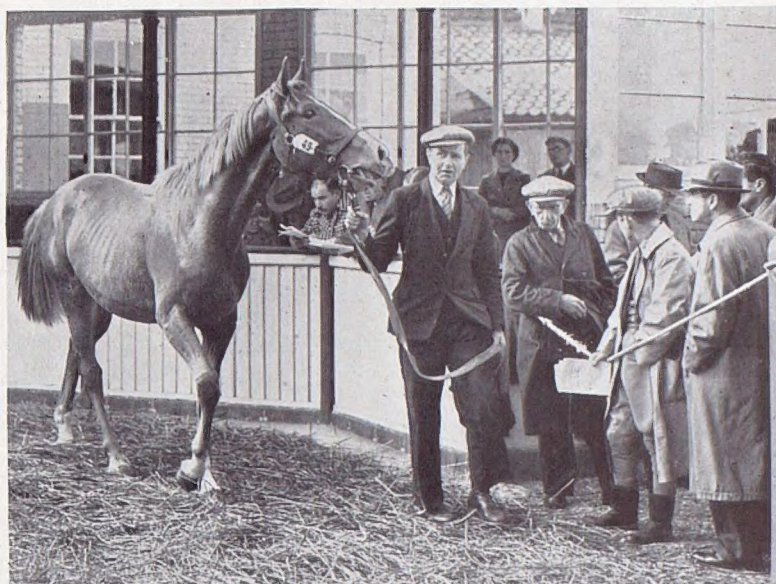
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NEWMARKET CARRIES ON : THE BLOOD-STOCK SALES



THE TOP PRICE YEARLING, HYPERION'S SON

This colt, out of Quashed, Lord Stanley's 1935 Oaks winner, by Hyperion, Lord Derby's good colt which won the Derby in 1933, made top price. He was owned by Lady Barbara Smith and Mr. C. Cowie got him for 1,400 guineas



THE WINNER OF THE WOODEN SPOON

And this colt by Hyperion, which went for only eight guineas, whilst the one by the same sire in the picture alongside, fetched fourteen hundred of the very best! Such are the results and vagaries of breeders



LADY DURHAM AND LADY BULLOUGH

Two very well-knowns in the world of racing. Lady Bullough is the widow of the first and last baronet, Sir George Bullough. Lady Durham is her daughter. Sir George Bullough died last year. His Newmarket House was Warren Hill



MRS. MARCUS MARSH
AND MRS. GASKELL

The wife of the famous trainer was formerly Miss Eileen Bennett—equally renowned in the lawn tennis world. Mrs. Gaskell is well-known in the Warwickshire hunting circles, now a bit curtailed!



MRS. MORRIS AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON

Mrs. George Lambton, who is an aunt by marriage of Lord Durham, for consort see another picture, is as well-known as the Limekilns and, as needs scarcely be said, is the wife of one of the most celebrated trainers of modern times, the Hon. George Lambton, Lord Durham's uncle

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

A Batch of Winners

WHATEVER else is betiding, has betided or is about to betide, we shall remember the first half of October as a vintage period in the film world. In the last few days one new film after another has had brilliant direction, unusually satisfying acting, freshness, live interest, quality and speed. I think it is this last attribute of fastness, of "getting on with it," that does as much as anything else to keep up my interest in the cinema. One of my pet novelists, Mrs. Angela Thirkell, knows it too, for she has with exceeding deftness slipped a reference to it into a sentence which beautifully catches the spirit of this same current, fleeting

yarns err on the side of over-complication and improbability, just as do all our modern crime novels, almost without exception. But this time I am not only content to watch Mr. Hitchcock's story running away with him, but delighted to let both director and story pull me along in their exhilarating progress. For it is a vivid, irresistible, right-up-to-the-morning story of a young American reporter's adventures among the Nazis in Amsterdam, London, and mid-Atlantic. Near the beginning there is a scene inside a Dutch windmill

simultaneously. *Foreign Correspondent* won't make you think, but it will make you sit up and yell like a schoolboy at his first circus. Joel McCrea plays the reporter better than many better-known film stars with straighter noses and sleeker hair.

And now before I turn to another superb film let me deal with two charming lesser ones which have cropped up in the interim. One is the latest instalment of that Hardy family which everybody seems to be tired of excepting me and the provinces! *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*, which has just been done at the Empire and has already gone off on tour, gives us young Rooney still deliriously poised between Master and Mister. I fail to understand anybody's ability to resist this ridiculous Andy in his first dress suit, or having a man-to-man talk with his father, or deciding that a stomach ache is "tragedy gnawing at his vitals." The other is *Saturday's Children* at the Warner, in which a very engaging couple, played by John Garfield and the exceedingly pretty Anne Shirley, fall in love at first sight—and to my great relief—get married, make rather a mess of marriage, and finally patch it up over a cradle. I say "to my great relief" because the regulation device of a couple who are too stupid to realize that there is any mutual ardour has become as stale as that other formula whereby the pair are too sharp-witted to want each other's endearments. This film's couple go through the mill of poverty, and their career is about as glamorous as a teapot. I do, therefore, despair of this film's success though its events are strikingly probable and all of its talk is refreshingly natural, human, and lively.

Of *Edison, the Man*, I am not going to say much more than that it is inspired biography. Spencer Tracy does most of the inspiring, the rest of the inspiration lying in the director who cast him in the first place. Mr. Tracy is the complete actor. When he is cast for the part of a famous man, no question arises as to physical resemblance or lack of resemblance. All that happens is that Stanley, or Edison, or whoever it may be, automatically, and with the first shot of the film, becomes Tracy, and all the portraits you may have in your mind are automatically and willingly scrapped in the actor's favour. What is the secret of that mask of his, that extraordinarily expressive composure? I suspect it to lie in imperceptible movements of certain minor muscles of the face. It may also be a trick of gazing steadfastly at the brim of the cameraman's hat without blinking. It may be both. Whatever it is, here are all the things that made Edison the great man he was—will, pluck, vision, enthusiasm, and a scientific imagination. Here is the man who was too disinterested to think of inventing a cure for his own deafness, and here he is seen in the romantic labour of perfecting three or four of his twelve hundred odd inventions. I am indebted not to this film but to the gramophone publication called "Rimington's Review" (one of the amenities of peace time which has gallantly survived) for this story of Edison's powers of concentration. On one occasion while he was working on the phonograph he refused to meet a delegation of scientists, and a negro porter conveyed his excuse in these terms: "De Wizard am embossed in thought, gemmen, and he cain't be interrupted. He hain't et er slep' fer fo' days!" As a description of Tracy's Edison, "embossed in thought" is not to be excelled.



"EDISON, THE MAN" AT THE EMPIRE

London's latest M-G-M film which opened at the Empire on October 18 is a sequel to *Young Tom Edison* seen at the Regal in August, and is the authentic life-story of the great inventor of the phonograph, the forerunner of the now universal gramophone, also of incandescent street lighting. Spencer Tracy is seen in the name part in a laboratory scene with his wife, played by Rita Johnson. This is the most important part she has yet played. She was previously seen opposite Eddie Cantor in *Forty Little Mothers*. Spencer Tracy's last great part was that of Major Rogers in *North-West Passage*, the film adapted from Mr. Kenneth Roberts's fine novel

year. This occurs in the last chapter of the delightful new book called "Cheerfulness Breaks In," and the italics, of course, are mine: "The loveliest spring that England could remember had emerged from the long hard winter and went flashing by in luxuriant riot into early summer, at cinema speed. And with the quick and profuse blossom of almond, wild cherry, hawthorn (red, white and pink), buttercups, lilac, laburnum; with the onward rush of the trees from a mist of tender green to a heavy and sullen leafage, the rush of events came thundering down from the Arctic Circle across the Low Countries, marshalled by the Powers of Darkness."

The speed of the new Hitchcock at the Gaumont, *Foreign Correspondent*, is as breathtaking as surf-riding, though it is only fair to add that I have never done and have no immediate prospect of doing any surf-riding! I often think that Mr. Hitchcock's screen

which is an extraordinary achievement in the rare vein of "Waxworks" and "Caligari." The reporter has crept secretly into the mill which is an assassin's lair, and nothing is heard for some ten minutes excepting the investigator's stealthy footfall, a murmur of subdued conversation from a distant room, and the evil, irregular click of the discarded windmill's sails. Mr. Hitchcock uses a musical score throughout this film with fine imaginative skill and effect. But in this particular scene he dispenses with music and uses silence with a skill and effect even greater. In the more expected Hitchcock vein are the political assassination, the thrilling chase, the attempted murder of the reporter on top of Westminster Cathedral's tower (this is just a shade too protracted), the rather appalling torture scene, and the magnificent finale in the form of a double-climax—a U.S.A. "Clipper" being shelled by a German battleship and a London broadcasting studio being bombed very nearly



LILLIAN CORNELL, WHO COMES TO US IN "RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

The attractive lady is co-starred in this Paramount picture with Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, of whom a picture above on right, and Basil Rathbone, and we shall also find her in the West End cinemas in *Dancing On A Dime*. No definite dates are assigned, but *Rhythm on the River* is almost certain to go to the Plaza. Lillian Cornell is a beautiful brunette from Chicago and made her first big hit in *Buck Benny Rides Again*.

(ON RIGHT) ANNE SHIRLEY, HEROINE IN "SATURDAY'S CHILDREN"

A simple little story more or less all about a girl who tricked a man into marrying her on the pretence that she was enceinte, when she was, of course, nothing of the sort, but in the end she does present him with a perfectly good honest to God infant!

HOLLYWOOD TRIO

THREE STARLETS OF FILMS

PRESENT AND TO COME



MARY MARTIN, WHO IS ALSO IN "RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

The song that made Mary Martin famous was "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," and the film in which she made her début, *The Great Victor Herbert*. She is "teamed" with such big guns as Bing Crosby, Basil Rathbone and Lillian Cornell (picture on left) in this forthcoming film, which we are told arrives in our midst very shortly.



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

Polish Occasion

AMONG our gallant Allies, the Poles have a special place. They took the first knock, and with plenty of come-back. Everyone knows their history as fighters, and they certainly have, and are, living up to it this time. It seems that those now with us in the air are "absolute tigers." And we may be sure

Lady Warrender looked very smart in khaki, and absurdly young to be the mother of growing-up sons. Mr. Charles Graves was peering through his eyelashes as if they were thick-lensed spectacles, and administering advice while effortlessly maintaining his own high standard of efficiency, observing and extracting the point of everything that went on with glossy journalistic clairvoyance.

Mrs. Eliot Ware wore felt birds, poised for flight, on her forehead, and Freda Lady Forbes showed energy and enthusiasm. Lady Moore Guggisberg (Decima Moore, the actress) exudes popularity.

In appearance the Poles have much in common with the British—a comparison which I hope will please both sides. Among the distinguished Polish and British lunchers



GUESTS AT THE KENYON-SLANEY WEDDING

Count and Countess Paul Munster with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby. Countess Paul Munster was formerly Miss Margaret Ward, daughter of the late Hon. Cyril Ward, and was married in 1929, and her younger sister, Miss Nicolette Ward, was married the year before to Mr. Michael Hornby.

that when the Army takes its turn, the same will apply.

There was a very enjoyable luncheon in their honour last week, at which an important guest was the Apostolic Delegate, who wore beautiful petunia-coloured robes and one of those tiny quartered bérêts, with a stalk, popularised for women by one of the big dress-houses a few years ago.

Mr. Balfour, representing our Air Ministry, spoke; also the Polish Ambassador, and Sir Victor Warrender, in French, for the benefit of those Polish guests who understood that language rather than English.

Baron von Asbeck, of Holland, was there, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, and many distinguished representatives of the House of Commons and the Forces of various nationalities, including Pilot Sergeant Holt, of Australia, who has just been decorated for shooting down eighteen enemy 'planes.

The Apostolic Delegate spoke, too, with sombre eloquence, on the subject of Poland's wrongs. He had just been bombed himself, here in London, but only to the extent of broken windows and doors.



MORE GUESTS ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH

Miss Virginia Gilliat, the Hon. Deborah Mitford and Mrs. Ormsby-Gore. Miss Gilliat is the daughter of Mr. Jack Gilliat and Mrs. Jack Gilliat, formerly the widow of the fifth Marquess of Anglesey, and Miss Mitford is the youngest of Lord Redesdale's six interesting daughters

were the following: Mr. R. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture; General Segulski, Lord Sempill, Sir Robert Gower, Sir Patrick Hannon, and Mr. D. Grenfell, of the Labour Front Bench.

Visitor's Angle

MAJOR THORNTON KEMSLEY, M.P., in London for a short moment, was intrigued with all our new noises. He is working like mad in the North, and was impressed by the steady continuance of all services—buses, milk, papers, gas, water, etc.—which have been no more than delayed, at worst.

Posts can be very temperamental, and yesterday's letters arrive before last week's, which is really quite a good system. For instance, things like the news of one's children's illnesses being preceded by their recoveries is obviously very much to the good, and it really doesn't matter in what order bills and love-letters arrive, the total is always the same.

The egg service is one of the things showing signs of strain, and it seems that no one person may now buy more than three eggs at a time. Hateful picture of nerve-racked, egg-bound hens—or is it

(Continued on page 112)



THE BRIDE'S MOTHER WITH THE BEST MAN

Lady Mary Gilmour's younger daughter, Ursula, was married to Mr. Peter Lindsay, Irish Guards, at All Saint's, Spelsbury, Oxon, on October 12. She is seen with the Hon. Ian Campbell-Gray, younger brother of the Master of Gray, and son of Lady Gray who is a Baroness in her own right



AT THE OPENING TRYST

Three of the hard-running field: Lieut. R. S. Gilchrist, Captain D. Hancock and Lieut. A. Williams. This is one of the only kinds of running to which the British Army is addicted



SOME MORE OF THE FIELD

Captain and Mrs. L. F. Rooke and Colonel J. Morrell, who is secretary of the Officers' Club, Aldershot, outside which the picture was taken



THREE MORE SUPPORTERS

Miss R. H. Charlesworth, all ready for the fray, Miss R. M. Bright and Major Palmer. A picture of the Master, Major A. K. Jackson, appears on the frontispiece of this paper

KEEPING THE OFFICER FIT WITH THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND BEAGLES



MAKING A FRIEND

Major R. P. H. Eyre, who is a Command Barrack Officer at Aldershot, and Miss V. Carleton saying "Howdy" to one of the always matey little hounds



JUST BEFORE MOVING OFF

Mrs. F. J. C. Piggott, whose husband is in a battalion of the Queen's (West Surrey), Miss B. Burrows and the Rev. J. Youens snapped outside the Officers' Club, Aldershot



GOING TO THE FIRST DRAW

Lieut. P. J. Eggar and Captain John Garle, M.F.H., who took on and hunted the West Kent Foxhounds in 1933, and is now back again serving in the Army

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

that the innocent creatures are having to be killed off because of the food they eat?

I am sure that regular listeners to the wireless know all such answers, but for me it is a subject for excited speculation during long times in buses and such—and haven't buses had to become daring, careering along such sacred backwaters as Hill Street and Bruton Street to get to their vulgar destinations?

Art for Meals

IN the cult of mind over matter, the ballet at the Arts Theatre Club austere dishes out its programmes for lunch, after lunch, and tea, with short intervals for the snacks that are, after all, all that is necessary.

There are some good dancers on the menu, including Prudence Hyman, Diana Gould, Harold Turner, and Keith Lester, and the *corps de ballet* are both orderly and decorative.

I have not seen *May Collin* before. Its theme comes from an old ballad about Miss Collin, who made the error of falling in love with a false priest, and "rueing it ever mair," with the result that she became the eighth of seven ladies, alleged King's daughters, drowned in the same plight, and lake. We get the energetic writhings with which the ballet portray emotion, conflict, indecision, and so on—poor May Collin has a father, a tutor and a maid to contend with before making her inevitable decision in favour of the False Priest, a glum, shrouded figure, who presently reveals himself as a sort of

harlequin; presumably proof of his falseness.

We end up in the depths of the lake, among the drowned, who seem to have kept a pretty good grip on their health and strength, and sway about charmingly in the imaginary water.

"*Pas de Quatre* is conventional, and, according to the programme, first presented



A SUSSEX CHRISTENING

Lord and Lady Hawke's second daughter, born on August 27 last, was christened Annabel at Rusper Parish Church, near Horsham, on October 10. From l. to r., Lord Hawke, with his little girl, Caroline, who was born in 1937; Lady Hawke, with the baby; her sister, Miss Anne Faure-Walker, and Lieut. R. E. Faure-Walker, Coldstream Guards, who, with Flt. Lieut. the Hon. J. S. T. Hawke, Miss Leveson Gower and the Hon. Alice Hawke, were the child's godparents. Lord Hawke is working at the Ministry of Economic Warfare

before Queen Victoria in 1845. Altogether a very pleasant form of temporary escapism, and of a high standard of efficiency.

Glass Drifts and Soho

DRIFTS of finely broken glass in the streets get shovelled up like snow by nonchalant members of the L.C.C., making a skin-creeping clatter unlike the dull swish of the actual snow that we got so used to last winter.

Apart from such unpleasant side-shows, London still manages to seem gay and lovely, especially at moments when sunshine is combined with cold autumn air. "Almost like Paris," someone said. Was "Almost like London" ever said in Paris?

Soho has had its share of the knocks, but apart from these, and the percentage of familiar foreign faces whisked into hiding by the zealous authorities, it continues to go remarkably strong. The signed photographs of celebrated patrons that decorate the walls of some restaurants are amusing. Others display pictures for sale, with prices: a supplement to the food and wine lists, but possibly complementary to them, with picture-buying accompanying liqueurs as a sequel to eating or drinking.

At the *Escargot Bienvenu*, where the Gaudins have been dealing in good food for so long, snail-shells dangle from the corners of the red silk lampshades, and we get the news that a consignment of frogs in cold storage are on their way to supplement meat rations.

Siren Sense

KEEPING track of which siren it was that went last becomes increasingly difficult, and people wildly ask one another: "Are we in the middle of a warning or an 'All clear'?" I am convinced that I heard both being sounded together in the middle of the night lately. Eventually, with long enough custom, they may become inaudible to the bored consciousness. Already, lovers in the park, women with long shopping-lists, anyone with anything on their mind, have ceased to react.

The bombs themselves, of course, are harder to overlook. Captain Leonard Plugge tells me that the whole garden of his home, 5, Hamilton Terrace, is just a crater. Considering the size of the bomb, it is lucky that the house and its contents are not more damaged. Among other things, Captain Plugge has a large library of books, all signed by their authors. He is very jolly and smiling, and, in spite of his unlucky experience, subscribes to the theory there is still plenty of London standing up.

Charming Studio

MR. GORDON ANTHONY, the photographer, is in the midst of new quarters, and has a delicious studio in the hinterland between South Kensington and Chelsea, still flying a banner or two: Gothic arches link cubic space to oblong space; starred pink satin embellishes the former, in which he sleeps, dramatic plainness the latter, in which he photographs. An aperture reveals the bathroom "off," and the whole thing fits him like the practical siren suit he was wearing when I visited him. (Continued on page 136)



WELL MET IN LONDON

Lady Cranbourne, wife of the new Secretary of State for the Dominions, and Lady Diana Cooper, wife of the Minister of Information—after lunch one day last week



SIR WILLIAM AND MISS CHAYTOR

Another snapshot taken in our much-blasted city last week. Sir William Chaytor, who is the seventh baronet, succeeded his father, Sir Edmund Chaytor, in 1935



AT A LAND ARMY LUNCHEON IN NORTHAMPTON
Lady Denman, Hon. Director of the Women's Land Army in England and Wales, and Lady Spencer, Chairman of the Northamptonshire County Committee, At this luncheon service badges were presented to the local branch members



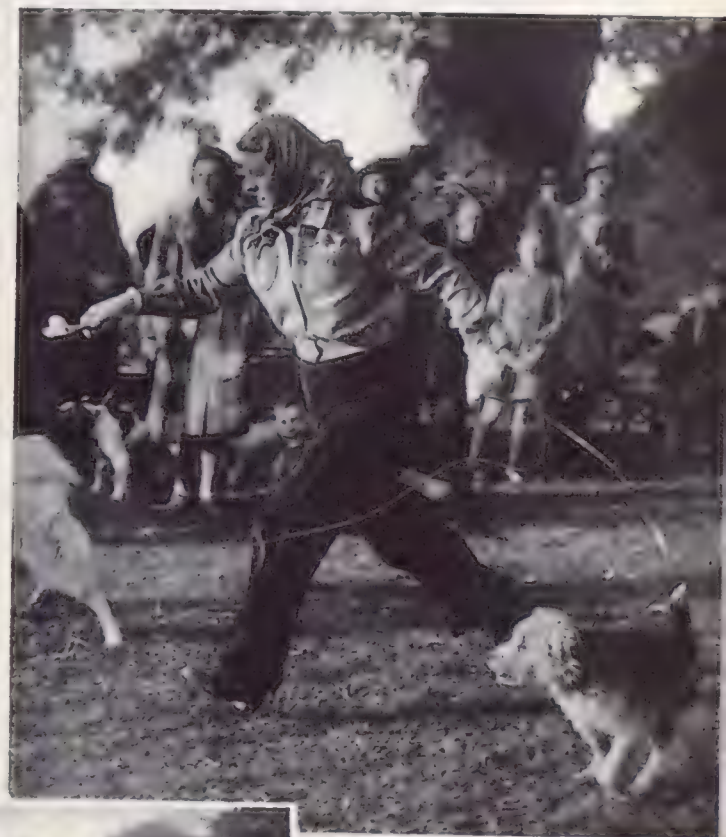
Photos. : Holloway

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE BRANCH OF THE RED CROSS

A group taken at Cottesbrooke Hall, where a rally of this branch was held last week
In the group are (seated) Dame Beryl Oliver, who gave an address; Lady Wimborne (President) and Mrs. Doyne (deputy President); (standing) the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan (District Vice-President and hostess), Mrs. Lester Reid (County Director), Mrs. Menzies Wilson and Mrs. M. M. Bartlett

THE MIDLANDS AND THE WEST CARRY ON

Bombs may bump and guns may boom, but it makes no difference to our unconquerable isle. If evidence were needed of the spirit of other places than that blasted place London, here it is. The enemy may, or may not, be interested. It does not matter: we carry on!



(BELOW) AT THE SHAFTESBURY DOG SHOW

Mrs. Ikey Bell, Organiser;
Colonel Skrimshire, and the
Mayor, Councillor W. J. Carpenter



LEGGING IT AT THE SHAFTESBURY DOG SHOW

They called this the Eleven-leg race—"three" human, and eight belonging to the tykes. Miss Anne Poë and Miss N. Sullivan, both F.A.N.Y.s, winning uncomfortably. Everyone backed the show up most nobly



Photos. : Bealing

MORE SHAFTESBURY

The Hon. Kathleen Seely, Lord and Lady Mottistone's daughter, making good time, assisted by variegated hounds in the egg-and-spoon race—a very difficult job. Mrs. Ikey Bell organised this show for the local "Spitfire" fund

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Strange Case of Borley Rectory

SPEAKING personally, if a ghost blacked my eye, locked me in my own room when it was most inconvenient, threw stones at me in my own house, and tried to set that house on fire—well, honestly, I should feel compelled to believe in *something*. Well, all this and a great deal more happened to the tenants of Borley Rectory, the history of which—very appropriately called “The Most Haunted House in England” (Longmans; 10s. 6d.)—has been compiled by Mr. Harry Price.

will get out of further discussion by quoting that line about there being a thousand things undreamed of in our philosophy. Others will deny everything, in spite of what looks extremely like facts; or else they will accept everything, and go almost “ga-ga” with anger at those who still throw doubt upon anything which they cannot punch with their fists or which will not be meekly led into the nearest laboratory.

Consequently, I can easily imagine Mr. Price’s history of Borley Rectory creating a hubbub wherever it is discussed and

had never been seen before (including an old coat), black shadows gliding along the Nuns’ Walk, lights shining in windows where no light was lit, and terrific crashes and bangs heard in empty rooms.

When the Rectory eventually became empty, Mr. Price himself rented it for a year (somebody even suggested that it might become a home for ageing mediums!), and invited a number of people interested in scientific investigation of the supernatural to live there, study the whole subject at first hand, and write a full report of their discoveries. This report can now be studied by anyone interested in this extraordinary case. But the Rectory itself is, alas! no more. It was mysteriously burned down in 1939. However, the full account of the remarkable occurrences which took place there remain, as do photographs of the mysterious messages written on the walls—sometimes under the noses of the investigators!

Well, whatever may be your reaction to this extraordinary story of this “most haunted house in England,” it will certainly make your judgment on ghosts and *Poltergeist* manifestations pause, so to speak, and think and wonder and think again.

Contemporary Tragedy in Fiction

TRUE, in Sir Philip Gibbs’s new story, “Sons of the Others” (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), there is a romance between an Englishman and a Frenchwoman, whom the last war parted and peace brought together again, only for them to be once more separated by the present war. The absorbing interest of the book lies rather in the magnificent

(Continued on page 116)



“WE KNOW . . . THAT IN THE END ALL WILL BE WELL”

This is one of the many messages of cheer and good wishes sent out to the children of the Empire at home and overseas in the talk which Princess Elizabeth broadcast on Sunday, October 13, her first experience on the air. The speech was delightfully spoken, without a tremor or hint of nervousness, in a voice uncannily like that of her mother, clear and sympathetic. It was a secret that Princess Margaret Rose was to be beside her sister and would join in the broadcast and wish her listeners “Good night.” The King and Queen were also in the room to hear their daughter’s speech

Consequently, when he hints that he disbelieves the supernatural—or whatever it may be which creates these manifestations—I begin to wonder what would convince him! The fact of having my eye blacked, of being bundled out of bed with the mattress on top of me, of seeing a knife fly through the air and settle on my lap, would at least make me half a convert. As such things have never happened to me as yet, I can afford to appear sceptic; though I must confess that this history of what surely must be, or has been, the most haunted house anywhere, let alone England, is just about the most convincing account of a *Poltergeist* I have ever read.

Disregarding the appearances of a nun and a ghostly coach and horses, there still remains enough well-authenticated evidence to make up one of the most extraordinary stories imaginable. For either we have to disbelieve the evidence of a score or more people—and, happily, Mr. Price gives their full names and much of their personal history—or we have to accept this evidence, coming, as most of it does, from people entirely unconnected with psychical research, or any society deeply interested in manifestations of the occult. And if we accept it—what then? Well, many of us

read. For it must be remembered that Mr. Price gives all the real names of the people who either endured the uncomfortable manifestations of the Borley ghost, or who lent him their aid in probing the mystery of this most extraordinary case of a haunted house.

Except for the nun, who was often seen in broad daylight, and the coach and horses, which came at night and drove through all obstructions, the haunting of Borley Rectory breaks most of the recognised rules. For example, it was not an old house. True, it was built on the site of an ancient monastery, but the look of it was so Victorian, in Victorianism’s ugliest manner (than which there are probably few things drearier), that it defied every facet of the right atmosphere. True, it was built in a very lonely spot on the Kent border, but it did not lie right off the map, because Sudbury is quite close. Both the rectors who inhabited it in turn disbelieved in ghosts, but each had to leave—or, rather, they left for pressing reasons unconnected with bells ringing, furniture being turned upside down, glasses and pictures smashed, pebbles hurled at them from all directions, the sudden disappearance of familiar articles and the equally sudden appearance of articles which



Angus McBean

PHYLLIS LIVINGSTONE

A new publication of Hutchinson’s is called “In Our Metropolis,” written by Phyllis Livingstone, who in private life is the wife of Captain David Livingstone-Learmonth, R.A., a godson of Lord Willingdon, former Viceroy of India, now going to the Argentine and other South American countries on a Trade Mission. The book has a light touch that will be welcomed by many readers, and is the story of modern married life in London Society



MR. FRANK PHILLIPS

One of those familiar voices which say: "This is the nine o'clock news and . . ." Mr. Frank Phillips was formerly a professional singer, a fine training for his present job. His first broadcast as a singer was in 1928 and he became a B.B.C. announcer in 1935

THE TATLER
OCTOBER 23, 1940



MR. JOSEPH MACLEOD

He joined the B.B.C. in 1938 after being barrister, author, private tutor, book reviewer, theatrical producer and lecturer. He has travelled in Russia to study the theatre; is an animal lover, an F.Z.S., and has adopted amongst other things a small panda

"AND THIS IS . . . READING IT"



MR. ALAN HOWLAND

Before he returned to the B.B.C. to become a regular news-reader, he was very familiar to many people by reason of his sports commentaries, and also as "Columbus" in the Children's Hour. Alan Howland is an Oxford man and had his first stage experience with the O.U.D.S. and played in Ibsen's *The Pretenders* nearly twenty years ago



MR. ALVAR LIDELL

Photos: Douglas

He is No. 2 amongst the B.B.C. announcers to Mr. Stuart Hibberd, and one of the best-known of the Voices. He joined the B.B.C. in Birmingham in 1932 and was transferred to London the following year. Since the war has been responsible for arranging the announcers' duty rotas. His principal off-duty pursuit is the singing of *lieder*

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

descriptions of recent events. Rightly, Sir Philip refers, not only in the title of his book, but in the story itself, to the worthiness of the sons who now bear that ghastly burden laid down by their fathers twenty-two years ago in the vain belief that these same sons would be spared the horror of another war. These sons have proved themselves not only worthy of their fathers, but, alas! fate has asked them to face an even greater horror and bitterness than was dreamed of, except by thinkers, after the Great War. And we must all share that greater horror and bitterness. Country after country falling a victim to the mechanised terror of German might; country after country falling victims to the traitors within their midst—especially their leaders



Yvonne Gregory

SHAKESPEARE IN LUNCH-TIME

At the Strand Theatre, between 1 and 2 p.m., one can enjoy scenes from Shakespeare and Elizabethan songs organised by Donald Wolfitt. He takes the title-part of *Macbeth*, and is supported by Cathleen Nesbitt, who is seen in the rôle of Lady Macbeth, a part which suits her well, with her great capacity for intensity and fire. Just before the *Blitzkrieg* Cathleen Nesbitt appeared at the New Theatre in the revival of Sutton Vane's supernatural play, *Outward Bound*

and their politicians. Until it is now left for Great Britain and her Dominions to free the world of this new form of human tyranny and slavery.

Nevertheless, Sir Philip indicts the Government many times, especially for allowing our soldiers to enter the conflict often so ill-equipped and unprepared for an enemy who had long since made his final preparations and had left nothing to chance. Happily for his readers' peace of mind, he believes implicitly that the final victory will be ours, and he gives his logical reasons—which is more than too many optimists proffer. Heartbreaking, however, is his description of France at the moment of her great betrayal, and for this he bears our former Ally no grudge—except as his anger and bitter disappointment apply to the politicians and statesmen who sold themselves to the enemy. Yet one of the finest chapters in the book tells of the supreme daring and courage of the R.A.F., especially during his description of that epic story of the evacuation from Dunkirk—a story told so simply that the magnificence

of it comes out in bolder relief. Altogether, interesting as "Sons of the Others" is as a story, it is doubly interesting for the superb way in which Sir Philip describes recent events—fitting them, however, into the plot, yet making them stand out more vividly and more movingly than anything else in the novel.

A Daring, Yet Successful, Experiment

I must confess that when I discovered that Naomi Royde-Smith, in her new novel, "Jane Fairfax" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), was going to continue Jane Austen's story of "Emma," making Jane the new heroine, I nearly fell out of my chair, partly in anger, partly out of curiosity! For although I can read my "Jane" over and over again, "Emma" remains my favourite story. So it seemed to me as if I were about to witness something approaching sacrilege. Judge of my unwilling admiration, therefore, when I tell you that this sequel by an alien hand is not only completely successful, but it is fascinating, even by comparison with its famous model. For one thing, the inimitable style in which the original was written has been caught marvellously well. There is nothing to jar the susceptibilities of even the most perferent Jane-ite, and much which will delight and amuse him.

Really it is quite a wonderful *tour de force* by a worshipper at the Jane shrine, and, strangest of all, is not likely to offend other worshippers—and, in a literary manner of speaking, they are invariably touchy. It is all so cosy and comfortable and "Jane-y"—even the war, which forms part of the background. There are footpads, too, but the best people are invariably unhurt; as would surely be Jane's way. Then there is the story itself, which is quite a charming one—either as a sequel or by itself alone. Altogether, Miss Royde-Smith has given us a delightful book—so near to the real Jane and so far away from the present war's abominations that it is as restful as



Gordon Anthony

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"

This Shakespeare play has not been seen in London for a very long time. Robert Atkins (seen here in the part of Lefeu) has produced it most successfully in the Elizabethan style at the Vaudeville Theatre. He is supported by a strong cast, and much enjoys himself scoring off the strutting, cowardly Parolles, a part that Esmé Percy plays with gusto and delight

a trip into the quieter past. Also, as much of a spiritual tonic. Really, I cannot conceive that any lover of "Emma" will fall foul of it, and all must laugh and praise the daring and the success which has attended such courage.

An Entertainment

NEITHER is there anything of war in Mr. Robert Hichens's amusing new story, "The Million" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). He labels it "An entertainment," and that is all it is; but it is good entertainment, so why worry? The heroine is a Mrs. Stevens, a widow, aged thirty-nine, and she has two children grown up: a son in the Air Force and a girl living at home. She has five hundred a year, and a home in a small town in Gloucestershire. Then, by a series of complications, she wins a million francs in a French lottery, and decides to go to Egypt and live there, for one winter at least, as a woman who is rich enough to throw her money about.

Quite naturally, Cairo society soon began to notice her with interest. She was clever and charming, and they mistook her "million" for pounds sterling, and not pre-war francs. Very soon, therefore, she became leader of the English colony and she was just about the most delightful leader the colony had had in years. Who wouldn't follow, they said to themselves, when a leader allowed money to slip through her fingers like dry semolina? Even the great American banker, Van Brunton, who was so terrified of adventuresses that every woman had to prove herself almost a charming simpleton before he could trust himself with her, was deceived. So much so, indeed, that after he had informed her that the poor absolutely scared him, only faintly did he "smell a rat" when poor Mrs. Stevens, hoping to replenish her financial position by some good investments, sounded him on the best way to do it.

It remained, however, for a genuine millionairess to shatter Mrs. Stevens's cardboard castle. She knew exactly where millionairesses stand in society. That London should allow one to escape without ever meeting her was quite incredible. Consequently, and thanks partly to the complications caused by her children's escapades, Mrs. Stevens has to fight for her "fib," so to speak. And a most amusing fight it is too! Mr. Hichens's description of an English colony abroad—especially a society colony—is at once slightly acid enough to be true, and yet true enough to be very funny. If you are on the look-out for entertainment with a pre-Hitler background, here it is.

Two Good Thrillers

AND if escape towards murder be your idea of escape, here are two good thrillers to help you on your journey: "Journey Into Fear" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 3d.), by Eric Ambler; and "The Case of the Stolen Bridegroom" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Herbert Adams. The former is more original, because the hero's adventures come naturally to a man whose one fear is that he will be shot, and so tries—hopelessly, of course—to avoid that unpleasantness. The latter is more full of conventional thrills, but begins most unconventionally by a bridegroom being kidnapped on his wedding night. Both, however, are exciting and carry you along rapidly from breathlessness to greater breathlessness, which, after all, is all a thriller hopes to achieve.

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 10



THE UNHAPPY ENDING BY WING COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

What has happened is that one of the aircraft-carrier's chickens, in returning to her nest, has made a bad landing, as is sometimes quite unavoidable, and crashed into the nets or palisades on the flying deck. In a dilemma like this it becomes the Commander's job to get a party along and retrieve the wrecked aircraft. Very often sheer legs have to be rigged to haul the machine clear, and these things have a way of slipping on the iron deck, which is generally very greasy with oil



LADY POUND, THE CHAIRMAN, AND ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND
AT THEIR HOUSE AT ST. JAMES COURT

LADY
KEEP
LADY
AND



LADY BACKHOUSE (ON RIGHT) IN THE SORTING AND PACKING DEPARTMENT—
A PARTICULARLY BUSY SPOT

This dépôt at 97, Eaton Square, is concerned with the collection and distribution of those useful woollies designed to keep the Royal Navy warm in whatever part of its far-flung front it may be serving, and who better than this first line of defence deserves it more? Lady Pound is its busy chairman and she also serves on the Council for Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen which deals with the needs of the dependents of men who have lost their lives. The dépôt is under direct Admiralty supervision, and is a very big undertaking. The house has been lent by Sir Peter Greenwell, who is a captain in a Field Brigade, R.A. This dépôt controls no fewer than 2600 branches, and there is a weekly turnover of two and a half tons of wool, which is supplied to the busy knitters at cost price. There are, in addition, large consignments of garments from the U.S.A., Australia, Malaya, South Africa, Hong Kong, and South America, and all this great mass is dealt with at this wonderful G.H.Q. Already about 700,000 warm woollies have been distributed to the Navy, and the good work still goes on unabated



Photos. : Two
MRS. A. MAITLAND-DOUGALL AND MRS. G. MAITLAND-DOUGALL
VOLUNTARY WORKER, CHECKING THE QUALITY



BACKHOUSE, WIDOW OF ADMIRAL SIR ROGER BACKHOUSE,
AND HER ASSISTANT, MISS EVERETT

MINESWEEPERS' JERSEYS UNDER REVIEW: LADY POUND WITH BETTY AND
VIVIEN TURNER. THE MONEY FOR THESE USEFUL GARMENTS WAS RAISED BY
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

WARMING THE NAVY WARM: LADY POUND AT WORK AT HOME



ge-Sedgwick
AM LOW, A
OF WOOL



AT HIS HOUSE: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DUDLEY POUND

THE HON.
MRS.
SHERMAN
STONOR
AND HER
CHILDREN
AT THEIR
HENLEY
HOME



SEALEM, THE GREAT DANE, ON THE SOFA WITH THE HON. MRS. SHERMAN STONOR AND HER DAUGHTER, JULIA CRISTINA, AT ESSENDON LODGE, HENLEY



(ON LEFT) A COSY CORNER GROUP

The two dogs, Ruby and Sealem, are happily grouped in the corner of a room at Essendon Lodge, Henley, on the Stonor Park estate, to which the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor has moved while her husband is serving with the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. She is seen with her two children, Ralph Thomas Campion George Sherman, at whose christening in April Lord Rathcreedan (now a prisoner of war) and Señhor Regis de Oliveira, the former Brazilian Ambassador, were godfathers, and Julia Maria Cristina Mildred, who is the god-daughter of the ex-King of Spain's elder daughter, the Infanta Maria Cristina. Mrs. Stonor, who, before her marriage to Lord Camoys' son and heir, was Miss Jeanne Stourton, is very busy in her part of the world as a member of the Henley Rural District Council, representing Stonor, and as Billeting Officer for the district

Photos.: Tunbridge-Sedgwick

SPORTING DOINGS IN TWO COUNTRIES



WITH THE STORRINGTON BEAGLES

A snapshot at a recent fixture at St. Sompting, and in the picture Captain Remington Hobbs, Captain Guntry and Major A. E. Cook, who has been Master since 1929. The country lies partly in Lord Leconfield's, the Cowdray and Crawley and Horsham domains



CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

Victor Smyth, famous trainer and equally famous former jockey, with Paul, a four-year-old, and Ann, aged eight, his children, at his training quarters at Mospey, Epsom. If they ride even half as well as father, they won't do badly



AMONGST THOSE AT LEOPARDSTOWN

The Hon. Patience French, the third sister of little Lord de Freyne, who was born in September 1927, with Miss Diana Page, who is very well known with the Kildare, who are carrying on as usual



LEADING IN A WINNER

Mrs. Huby Watt and her husband's "Avon King" (W. Howard), who won the principal race, the Dargle Plate. Major Watt is a former Master of the United and is now back in the Army



MORE LEOPARDSTOWN

The Hon. Mrs. Herbrand Alexander with the Whatcombe Wizard, Dick Dawson, who was born in Ireland. The Hon. Herbrand Alexander is Lord Caledon's brother and heir-presumptive and is a former 5th Lancer

Pool, Dublin

LETTER FROM AMERICA

By PAMELA MURRAY

WRITING at the end of September, the New York winter tempo is still a matter for speculation, as is the Presidential Election campaign, which, after a deep Willkie slump, following his rather insipid early speeches, has stepped up into a sturdy contest on domestic issues (with the President still making golden-voiced promises) while both candidates become more emphatically pro-British as the bombs disfigure London and as the Japs fall on Indo-China. The former "frightfulness" has produced an unlimited emotional reaction here, but the latter Pacific menace means business.

The United States of America is already in this war—soul and mind—and directly the production of armaments becomes less disorganised, John Brown's body will go marching on, fully equipped, towards the defence of the British Commonwealth and the American Constitution, because as German chicanery and violence accelerate, it is more widely understood that these two Anglo-Saxon-founded concerns must be kept going to provide the only decent, humane framework in a crazy (pronounced "ger-a-ze") world. If the U.S. does not declare war on Germany by the Spring I will drink my fountain-pen.

Meanwhile, the sympathy of Americans is so touchingly genuine that refugees fight shy of these displays of feeling for fear of breaking down themselves. We have cause to swallow hard and bless this warm-hearted country a dozen times a day. "Those guys are doing a swell job," says the newspaper-seller as he tucks a headline about R.A.F. successes under an English client's arm. It is "those guys," not "your guys." Americans are almost as proud of the R.A.F. as if it were theirs. In a proprietary way they point to the Canadian pilots training in Texas, where the climate is ideal for flying. These welcome visitors wear lounge suits, not uniform, thus preventing a technical breach of neutrality.

NEW YORK'S rage at the bombing of London expresses itself in trebled contributions to the innumerable war charities, and in comment both violent and sentimental, but those who know London best, especially men, say, with tears in their eyes, that they "just can't talk about it."

Reading that the King's speech was listened to with appreciative admiration in the U.S., do you visualise the scene in thousands upon thousands of peaceful homes? It is only lunchtime, while for you the evening raids are about to begin. The younger children are back from school, the table loaded with good things—butter like cannonballs beside every plate, iced tea in tall glasses, fried chicken and baked potatoes, "spuds" being two shillings per hundred pounds.

"Muther" (never Mummy) turns the knob, and the King is listened to in respectful

silence, the elders blowing their noses very loudly at the end, the children temporarily thoughtful. Will the Germans get this far, they wonder, as aunts and mothers hurry to Red Cross meetings, where they sell their friends tickets for this and that War Relief party, concert, movie show, or exhibition match.

Most everyone, as they say here, went to the "Help-England" Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria on October 3, for which two debutantes, Augusta Jay and Marjorie Flagg, did some of the preliminary type-writing.

THOUGH many stay out of New York at their country places on Long Island and elsewhere during the Fall, most of the celebrated socialites have put in at least one appearance at the newly decorated Stork Club, and other smart places, including a new one to lunch at—"Tony's Trouville" where Gloria Vanderbilt, Junior, debutante, was looking very like her mother.

The first all-American dress-shows were packed, in support of native designers who found the capture of Paris gave them *carte blanche*. Though American-born sports clothes were as good-looking as ever, the new "dressy" suits and evening clothes disappointed those who hoped to praise native talent. "Heavy," "fussy," and either "dull" or "Hollywood" was the verdict. But models by the leading British designers received a tremendous hand. Our fashion boys certainly know how to make women look lovely and feminine at night, while the American stylists repeat too much braid, too many sequins, and wooden soldier silhouettes.

Most of the shows were in aid of British War Relief, with beautiful helpers, including the former St. Moritz regular, Mrs. John Moffat, whose "refugee circle" here includes

another ex-St. Moritzer, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, and her mother, Lady Mullens, who are sharing an apartment at the Gotham (where Rodney Soher was paying a "Clipper" visit), and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills, who brought her children over in August.

The way British children are settling down in American schools—or not—would take too much space. Long Island has been electrified by Smart British Nannies who Give Trouble, and by Lord Dudley's school-boy son, who, having been told he could not stay up for a certain dinner-party, strolled in afterwards, took a look at the guests and exclaimed "If this is Glamour, give me Hollywood."

ONE of Long Island's leading war workers, Mrs. William K. Sage (who went all the way to Indiana for Willkie's first campaign speech), invited three hundred paying guests to her ballroom to a preview of explorer Osa Johnson's movie, based on her novel "I Married Adventure," which is a best-seller in London, too. Takings went to the Red Cross. This is a swell animal picture, all about Martin and Osa Johnson's safaris, with some of the best wild-life sequences ever shot in Africa.

Baron and Baroness Stackleburg, who have lived in London for years, were with her aunt, Mrs. Martin Vogel, and I saw Lady Adair's two older sisters; Lord Fermoy's only sister; Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary (back from Newport, where several refugees were accused of being Fifth Columnists, amid spy fever), and lovely little Miss Howe, who may become Public Debutante No. 1.

Her grandfather, "Dick" Howe, has a famous racing-stable, now operating at Belmont Park, the great autumnal race-meeting outside New York, which must be seen to be believed. So must the new hats which made their appearance on the first day. The temperature was nearly eighty, but suits and furs are *de rigueur* on this Doncaster occasion. Enormous velvet hats, like inverted rhubarb leaves, appeared, also bright jersey turbans worn on the back of the Pompadour *coiffeur*, which sounds more imposing than it is.

Mrs. "Laddie" Sanford's purple gloves and jumper set off an emerald-green jersey suit and turban. The only hatless young woman in the Turf and Field Club enclosure (where the right people hold boxes in perpetuity) was Mrs. Richard Danielson, "Chris" Andreae that was, sitting with the aforementioned Howe family and chatting with "Charlie" Munn.

Her eldest sister, Lady (Victor) Mallet, is the wife of the British Minister to Sweden, who was Counsellor at Washington in the Lindsay's reign, which reminds me that Angus Malcolm of Poltalloch (whose brother Victor was over on armaments business) took a week-end off from the Embassy recently and played tennis on

(Continued on page 136)



NORWEGIAN CROWN PRINCESS IN AMERICA

The wife of Prince Olaf, Crown Prince of Norway, who escaped to England with his father, King Haakon, is now in the U.S.A. with her three children, having sailed from Petsamo, Finland, last August in an American steamer at the invitation of President Roosevelt, with whom she and her husband had stayed in 1939. Princess Martha is seen (right) examining handcraft at the Norwegian Relief Shop in New York which is being shown to her by Madame Cristensen, wife of the Norwegian Consul-General



MR. AND MRS. PETER BRODIE

Miss Betty Horsfall, younger daughter of the late Mr. T. M. Horsfall, of Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, and of Mrs. Horsfall, was married on October 12 to Mr. Peter Edwin Brodie, younger son of the late Captain Brodie, and of Mrs. Ian Campbell, of Auchindoun.

WARTIME WEDDINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



A WILTSHIRE WEDDING

A group taken after the reception at the wedding of Mr. Howard E. Wort, a well-known rider in point-to-point races, son of Sir Alfred and Lady Wort, to Miss Marjorie Vale Scott, eldest daughter of Mrs. Scott, which took place recently at St. Mary's Church, West Knoyle. From l. to r.: Sir Alfred Wort, Judge of High Court, Patna, since 1927; Lady Wort, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. M. G. Hankey (best man), Mrs. Scott, the bride's mother, and her uncle, Mr. E. W. Busby, who gave her away.



A COUNTRY NAVAL WEDDING

The marriage took place at Farnham Church, Bishop's Stortford, between Sub-Lieut. Patrick Robert Cecil Guinness, R.N., only son of the late Captain E. C. Guinness, and Mrs. Guinness, and Miss Patricia Rosemary Bernard, youngest daughter of Commander and Mrs. W. R. Bernard, of Chelsea.



AIR FORCE WEDDING

Squadron Leader Brian Roberts, R.A.F., who has taken the name of Roberts by deed poll, second son of Major Rutherford and of Mrs. Stewart Clark, and grandson of the late Sir James Roberts, Bt., with his bride, Miss Margaret (Peggie) Sherwin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherwin, of Loxwood, Sussex, after their marriage, which took place at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on October 12.



MR. AND MRS. J. A. MANN

Mr. John Ashley Mann, second son of Mr. Herbert George Mann, of Abbey Lodge, Hanover Gate, and of Mrs. F. M. Mann, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Miss Alison Grace Bowden-Smith, daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Bowden-Smith, and of Mrs. Bowden-Smith, after their marriage on October 12.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

"THE Law is the embodiment of everything that's excellent: It's quite without a fault or flaw . . ." but just at this moment the Law thinks that its own special protector has let it down rather badly.

AULD HORNEY is not, however, always so unmindful. Once upon a time in a certain big eastern city there was a most appalling earthquake—houses down in thousands, the steeples off all the churches and dust and devastation everywhere. The only edifice that had not so much as a brick displaced was the High Court; but there was something else very peculiar about it all, for around and about there hung a heavy odour of sulphur and brimstone.

this. If the pipe-line through which the agent is operating does not know that he has been softly and silently spirited away, it carries on and it may be some time before it finds out that it is being tapped. It is also quite possible that the people who have caught the spy may use his line to send his principals a quantity of information which may not be exactly according to Cocker, but which bears such a close resemblance to 'probability' as to deceive even Himmler himself. It has been done this way or now, and everybody who is batting on our side in the S.S. is not a mutt. Every Intelligence service slips up sometimes, but it would be quite misleading to suppose that the Germans have got all the brains. They have not by a very long chalk.

ONE of the spies who was dealt with in the last war was the gallant Lody, who was not very brilliant. There were others who were not shot but escaped by the skin of their teeth. Admiral Sir Reginald Hall was a great spy angler in those times and for aught we know may be playing a fish or two at the moment. One of his catches last time was Captain Von Rintelen, whom I know quite well, and like. We were, in fact, lunching in the same club on the day he was "taken in," or pinched, as he preferred to call it. Recording only a personal impression I should say that the only country for which Von Rintelen did want to do any secret service work is our own. He has a great detestation for the present German régime and no faith at all in its



A FAMOUS WELSH REGIMENT'S SHERRY-PARTY

The C.O. of a battalion of a very renowned Welsh unit, Lieut.-Col. D. G. C. Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, Col. Lord Douglas Malise Graham, a brother of the Duke of Montrose, who is on a regional Staff, and Lieut.-Col. E. Emmerson Davies, O.C. a battalion of a Welsh regiment



SOME MORE WHO WERE THERE

Miss M. Bradley, Major and Mrs. P. J. Bradley, and Colonel Lord Tredegar, who commands a battalion of the Home Guard. Major Bradley is the second in command of the regiment which threw this cheery party

Very significant, so we all thought. And ancient earthquakes and the present very good imitations from which we are suffering there is not very much to choose. Earthquakes make many people feel seasick: bombs do not: both give things a dickens of a shaking; earthquakes do not last as long as any single raid; you get no warning of an earthquake; but as to aerial bombardment they do let you know something by making a noise like a cow with a severe attack of colic. It is a regular swings-and-roundabouts situation.

THE pertinent question "Are We Hunting Down the Spies?" has been put by our friend "Candidus," who is always so very interesting. "Candidus" suggests that more may be happening in this way than we know. That, I suggest, is extremely likely. It is far better to catch an agent and say nothing about it than publish the details in the papers. There is an excellent reason for



Photos: Truman Howell

AND ALSO SOME MORE

Same party, and all as full of enjoyment as the people in the other pictures. Names, l. to r.: Mr. C. M. Harris, Chief Constable of Newport, and Major and Mrs. T. Vile, the former Welsh International Rugby star and now in the Field Security Police

capacity to stay the course. I think he despises von Ribbentrop most of all, and being a monarchist, who has a hearty dislike for a *parvenu*, this is understandable. Von Rintelen has always said that the Kaiser never wanted the last war, and that it was the heads of his fighting services, plus his own self-conceit, that made him do his *Ich und Gott* stuff. This is as may be. Of Hitler, Von Rintelen holds no opinion. He said that it was nothing more or less than a money-making gamble. The unfortunate part about it is that now, win or lose the war, Hitler and his friends have packed up a very large amount of swag and, if Mr. Knickerbocker is right, got it planted where they want it. Like the pirates of old, however, they may not survive long enough to be able to enjoy their hidden treasure. Von Rintelen seemed to be as convinced as Mr. Knickerbocker that the present gang had now no reason to worry about their personal profits out of this war.

"MEL" WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES



AN ARMY TRAINING REGIMENT, ROYAL ARMoured CORPS

Speaking likenesses of the C.O. and his officers at one of the many centres where our modern knights in armour bold are instructed in the particular form of warfare which in these modern times is all the rage. The wheel always comes full circle, and in this case it has done so with a vengeance. Lieut.-Colonel N. M. Dillon's mother regiment was the Fighting Fifth, whose more particular description is the Northumberland Fusiliers

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"ON the right—form platoon!" roared the sergeant.

The recruits carried out some kind of manoeuvres, which left the sergeant speechless.

He looked at them for a moment. Then his voice returned—and no words can describe the tone of it.

"All right—now take your partners for the Lancers!"

WHEN the air-raid sirens sounded, the bus stopped. Three elderly ladies jumped up from their seats, pushed through the other passengers, swung out of the bus and made a dash for the nearest shelter.

The astonished conductor scratched his head and turned to another passenger.

"See that?" he exclaimed. "An' to think I've bin 'elping those ole dears off and on the bus for years."

THE Colonel—an expert shot—had been challenged to a contest at the fair-ground shooting gallery by one of his officers.

Carefully sighting his rifle, the Colonel fired five times, and each time a ball fell from the waterspout.

Up stepped his opponent, and without any apparent effort brought down all five balls with only one shot.

"Astounding!" exclaimed the Colonel. "How d'you do it?"

"Easy," was the answer. "I shot at the man who was working the water pump!"

THE head of the house entered the room. "Now, young man," he said sternly to his daughter's suitor, "all lights are turned out in this house at eleven prompt."

"Suits me, sir," replied the young man, blithely. "As a matter of fact, I was just going to turn this one out when you came in."

A drunk dashed into the police station. The perspiration poured from his forehead.

"Help!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. "Help!"

A startled desk sergeant looked down at him.

"What's happened, man?" he asked quickly.

"A stick-up!" shouted the drunk. "There's a robbery being committed!"

The sergeant leaped from his chair.

"Where?" he demanded. "Where is this hold-up?"

The drunk shook his head.

"How should I know?" he murmured.

"But, according to statistics, there's robbery being committed every two minutes in this country!"



"It was that length, made a screaming noise, and a hole thirty feet deep in the garden"

THE four-year-old youngster marched into the sweet-shop. In his chubby fist, he clutched a penny tightly.

"Good morning," greeted the proprietor.

"Good morning," said the youngster, surveying the different sweets arrayed behind the showcase.

"Can I help you?" asked the shop-keeper.

The boy finally saw something he liked. "Yes," he chirped. "Let me have a pennyworth of those peppermints."

The proprietor reached into the case and drew out four peppermints. He dropped them into a paper bag and handed them over to the child. Before parting with the penny, the child counted the sweets. Suddenly, his face lost its cherubic beam.

"What's this?" cried the four-year-old. "Last week you sold five peppermints for a penny—and to-day you give me only four."

The proprietor looked apologetic.

"Well, my boy," he explained, "you know how conditions are to-day. This war, everything disorganised and cost of living up. All vegetables up in price, all this black-out. . . ."

The youngster studied the peppermints, and then handed over the penny with a deep sigh.

"It's just like I told mother," he said, bitterly. "Everything happens to me!"



"The wood's about a couple of miles over there, but you can't see it for the trees."



A LITTLE LUXURY YOU'VE *Earned..*

Little luxuries—but what a big difference
they make—after a hard day at the
canteen or behind an office desk! Particularly grateful
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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

English Usage

MY taxi-driver the other day produced an even better effort than the old lady who said that if that there Hitler thought he was damaging the people's *morals* by his bombing, he was making a mighty big mistake. When I instructed him to go by a certain route, he answered that we could not go that way because they had "dropped a blinking great crater" in the road. The idea of dropping a crater appeals to me enormously, for it has the merit of expressing one of the truths of bombing—namely, that much of it produces nothing more damaging than a big hole in the ground.

It would be interesting to work out the area of a city covered with houses and other buildings, the area taken up by parks, squares and gardens, and the area taken up by roads, yards and pavements, and then to assess the probabilities of hits, on the assumption that the bombing is entirely random. I should think it highly probable that the chances would favour hits on the open parts much more strongly than on the buildings. There is a good deal in that taxi-driver's phrase about dropping blinking great craters.

And by the way, I think that most Londoners will join with me in paying a tribute to the taxi-men. Although, when one is driving a motor-car, they sometimes seem irritating, they are, in general, among the most intelligent of London's inhabitants. And it is to be remembered that their disconcerting habit of turning round in their own length just in front of one's car is frequently in order to save some prospective fare from having to cross the road to reach their cab. At any rate, during the intensive raiding period they have been magnificent. At many times they are the only above-ground transport workers who keep at it. There was a stern edict that they must not charge higher fares during raids than at other times, but that person would be a churl who failed to give them a really good tip on such occasions.

London Pride

THERE'S another thing about the bombing of London. It has given that city a much firmer place in the affections of all those who live in these islands. I have met dozens of people lately who used at one time to do nothing but revile London and say that it was the dullest, dirtiest, ugliest city in the world. I confess that my own opinion of it was low, chiefly because it seemed to me to be not only dull, but also deliberately and consciously miserable. It seemed to frown on all forms of gaiety and brightness and to be mainly a sort of playground for an immense and efficient body of police. But now all that is changed.

London, by taking the heavy blows that have been aimed at her without wincing, by carrying on under fire, has somehow developed a new and more amiable character. Rich and peaceful, she seemed in many ways despicable; but wounded and at war, she is glorious. Those who loathed London have suddenly come to love her. The effects of bombing raids are indeed curious.

"Eagle" Squadron

I attended that historic conference at the Air Ministry not many days ago when the Secretary of State, Sir Archibald Sinclair, announced the formation of the "Eagle" Squadron of the Royal Air Force, a squadron manned entirely by citizens of the United States. It was indeed a great occasion, not only because it showed that there are many Americans who sympathise with our cause so strongly that they will come and fight for us, but also because I believe the squadron will have a very high fighting value.

Often I have said hard things about the Americans, just as they often say hard things about us, but of the skill of their pilots there can be no question. Those who remember the American victories in the Schneider Trophy races know that a good American pilot is very, very good. I look forward with supreme confidence and intense interest to the day when the "Eagle" Squadron goes into action. It will be a hard day for the Germans. The Squadron is commanded by Group Captain Sweeny, who was the leading spirit of the Lafayette Squadron which served with the French Air Force in the war of 1914-18. I was stationed for a short time in France during that earlier war, at an aerodrome not far from the Lafayette Squadron, and all Royal Flying Corps pilots had a high



Vandyk

INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE R.A.F.

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Edgar Ludlow-Hewitt, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., held the position of Air Officer C-in-C. R.A.F. Bomber Command until April of this year, when he resigned and was promoted to his present appointment, being succeeded by Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, now Chief of the Air Staff

admiration for it. But working within the rather looser structure of the French Air Force of those days, it did not get a full chance to shine. As part of the strongly co-ordinated structure of the present Royal Air Force, the "Eagle" Squadron should make a mark in air history.

Massed Banshee

PEOPLE have complained about the lack of synchronisation of the sirens. They say that it tends to muddle them. But work on finding a means of synchronising them has been in progress, and possibly by the time these notes appear they will come to life as one and die away as one. I think the need for exact synchronisation has been exaggerated. Are there not many far more important things to attend to than what Mr. Winston Churchill has called the "banshees"? But it is the English manner to spend (and perhaps waste) an awful lot of time getting such details right.

Gale Effect

WINTER gales will not affect the air war so markedly as gales used to do in the other war. The speed of the strongest winds is now a relatively small proportion of the top speed of military aeroplanes. So they can master the winds in a way the older machines could not do. Nevertheless, a tremendously strong gale blowing the German machines over this country—and therefore preventing them from getting back easily—must be looked on as an ally. Let us hope we get more winds of that kind than of the other kind.



Stuart

A RECENT SERVICE WEDDING

Lieutenant C. M. Warren, R.A.O.C., and his bride, the former Miss Docker, the Wilts County lady hockey player, who is commandant of a W.A.A.F. air station somewhere in the West. The bride's detachment provided a guard of honour at the wedding



Your Best way to Beat the Sleep Raiders



MANY of us are losing sleep . . . losing those precious hours on which we depend for the restoration of strength and vitality. What is the best answer to this problem?

First, take advantage of every opportunity to sleep. Make sure that you get to sleep quickly, and that your sleep is fully restoring. Remember that your greatest need in these days of tension is adequate reserves of vitality.

That is why 'Ovaltine' has outstanding advantages as a bedtime beverage. Although entirely free from drugs, 'Ovaltine' helps you to fall asleep quickly, and furthermore ensures that you obtain the utmost benefit from your sleeping hours, because it possesses exceptional revitalising properties. These are largely derived from the eggs used in its manufacture. *Obviously no food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.*

A cup of 'Ovaltine' at intervals during the day will

further replenish your strength and vitality and thus help greatly to overcome any ill-effects of loss of sleep. For these reasons always have ample supplies of 'Ovaltine' on hand. Packed in air-tight tins, 'Ovaltine' will "keep" indefinitely, and it is easily prepared. If milk is not available water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry—alone or with biscuits or as a sandwich.

With all its advantages 'Ovaltine' is most economical. The smallest size tin makes as many as 24 cupfuls. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to *look* the same.

Obviously it would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is much more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if required. It should be especially noted that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet, and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.



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The Way of the War—(Continued from page 106)

recently returned from the first fortnight's holiday he has had since he took office in the early days of the Sudetenland crisis. I am told that he has come back greatly refreshed and proportionately more energetic at the Foreign Office.

New Air Force Chief

We probably should not anticipate any sudden or sweeping change in the general direction of the R.A.F. effort consequent on the appointment of a new Chief of the Air Staff. Sir Charles Portal probably has his own ideas on the type of targets against which the bomber force can most usefully be employed; and in many directions he may wish to develop new lines of policy. But he will do so gradually, I believe.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR TAKES THE OATH

The new Lord Mayor of London who succeeds Sir William Coxen, with Lady Wilkinson and Miss Eileen Wilkinson, their only daughter, after the swearing-in ceremony at the House of Lords. Needless to say, there is not going to be a Lord Mayor's Show this year

He takes over from Sir Cyril Newall at a difficult moment; when the night bombing attacks on London have reached a high pitch of ferocity, while the reply to the night bomber, if effective reply there be, has not yet reached perfection.

I think we may guess that the new C.A.S. will take the broad view that the best form of defence is to attack and that the R.A.F., since it is still in a numerical inferiority to its opponents, must be employed at the present stage primarily on the accepted objectives of air warfare, leaving the Royal Navy to bear a greater share of responsibility for preventing invasion and so forth.

Old Warriors

Lord Trenchard is undoubtedly on the side of those who argue against division of air effort by trying to create a separate air arm under command of the army to collaborate with the new B.E.F. when it is ready and able to take the field again on the Continent.

On such matters Lord Trenchard's word is worth heeding. He has been both soldier and airman and his views on air warfare are simple and full of horse sense. There are many people today who wish that Mr. Churchill had brought the old head of the air force back into the War Government.

Another old warrior, Sir Roger Keyes, has found fresh employment. I am not allowed to say what it is. But the state of nervous apprehension which is said to afflict the German Army when it contemplates the attempted invasion of Britain is probably due, in part at least, to the operations for which Sir Roger is now responsible.



Bassano

THE LATE MR. DUDLEY MADDICK

Whose death on October 9 was a great grief to all his colleagues on Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. Mr. Dudley Maddick was advertisement manager and a director of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, a director of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*

'Quality
Tells'



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



ASSEMBLED in the Bradley salons, Chepstow Place, is a representative collection of furs that are distinctive and at the same time wear remarkably well. Another very strong point in their favour is that showers have no deleterious effect on them. To them must be given the credit of the bolero and coat pictured. The former is of Persian lamb; it will give an altogether charming finish to a simple dress. Coats of otter have come into their own, as well as those of pony, with their subdued sheen, which ever appeals to women engaged in war work in town or country. They are also admirable for wear when motoring. There are mink coats, too, which may be regarded as investments. Fur-lined coats have their roles to play, usually enriched with high collars and roll revers framing the face



TOO much cannot be said in favour of the ocelot coat above, the markings being so arranged that it has a slimming effect. The same idea is carried out in mouton lamb, Hungarian lamb and baby seal. Some of these coats are relieved with beaver, which greatly increases their charm. A visit must be paid to these salons at the earliest opportunity to see this new collection

THE ensemble below is carried out in Harris tweed, made of pure Scottish wool, hand-woven in the homes of the islanders. It may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, and consists of coat, skirt and cape; the last-mentioned introduces an overcheck and may be bought separately. The colours are very elusive and at the same time practical. Hence they are in complete harmony with the strenuous life of today



Photos by Peter Clark

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Very hard-wearing. In Air
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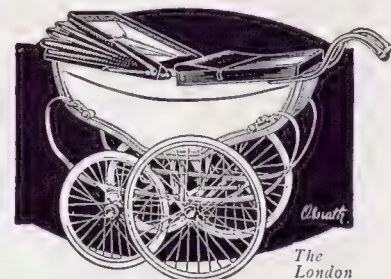
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Letter from America—(Continued from page 122)

Long Island with artistic Mrs. Adrian Iselin III, who has received so many interesting and poignant letters from friends and relations in unoccupied France, illustrating the peculiar Pétain propaganda, that she is having them typed and put together for friends to share.

The one thing which every one is reading, and talking about with glowing admiration is Alice Duer Miller's narrative poem (reminiscent of John Masefield) called "The White Cliffs," which opens "I have loved England dearly and deeply."

The story is concerned with a young American girl of good Yankee stock who marries a future Devon squire, loses him in the Great War, bears his son, and finds herself facing the new peril with her indomitable Scotch mother-in-law. There is not one fault in taste, in detail, or in the weight given to varying emotions, and its humour charms.

The heroine's Yankee father never gets over his inhibitions about England, never forgets the Boston Tea Party, or the War of 1812 but Lady Jean manages to forget that her daughter in law "was an American," and that daughter-in-law sums up for all good Americans in the last lines:—

"I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live."

It is too early to write fully about the theatrical season which is opening very tentatively. The critics feel that William Saroyan's *Time of Your Life* has improved with age; thus it shares the honours with the Lunts in Robert E. Sherwood's moving new play, *There Shall Be No Night*, about which more in my next letter, when others, including *Twelfth Night*, with Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes, will be on. Dr. Cronin's *Jupiter Laughs*, is likely to be an early casualty.

That Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue never crowd the same plays was the theme of a recent discussion carried on brilliantly by Mrs. "Nanny" Tiffany (*née* Cameron of Lochiel), a keen theatregoer on both sides of the Atlantic. This devastating critic is even better known as a decorator here than Lady Mendl, who is said to be redecorating her rooms at an hotel, although she is only going to occupy them for a few months at most. The decorations were by Mrs. Tiffany, who is much amused. Although no longer young, "Nanny" gives a pint of blood, when called to the hospital, to be "bottled for Britain," along with thousands who feel this is one practical way in which they can help.

Social Round-About—(Continued from page 112)

Stage Visitors

Emlyn Williams was there, too. He is filming at Elstree, getting there laboriously each morning. His wife and children are in America. It seems that she pictures us in London in the same category as the last holders of Warsaw. A glimpse of the importance that is attached to the correct hanging of a picture would have reassured her. The stance of an oil painting of Mr. Anthony occupied us to the complete exclusion of impertinent curtain shakings by bombs and guns.

Miss Viola Johnstone, the actress, who should have opened with Edith Evans and Ronald Squire in *The Millionairess*, had a good hold on the necks of bottles. Mr. John Wyse, the actor, left early. He has acted a great deal at Stratford, and in Regent's Park. There Lee-Eliot looked in for a short time in his air raid warden's clothes, before going off to his night shift. He is an artist, who paints the ballet in particular, and has had very successful exhibitions in Hollywood, New York, and at Sadler's Wells.

Mr. Anthony is a brother of Ninette de Valois, and son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Stannus, D.S.O. and Legion d'Honneur, and of Mrs. Graydon Bradley of County Wicklow, who is an authority on Waterford glass and St. Bernard dogs. He has produced some delightful books, illustrated with his own photographs—"Markova," "Ballet," "John Gielgud," "Leonide Massine." Has now completed for publication "Sleeping Princess," on the Vic-Wells productions, with articles by Arnold Haskell, Ninette de Valois, Nadia Benois, and Constant Lambert.

There is a splendid array of photographs of the worth-while in the studio, including Lady Iris Mountbatten, Miss Vivien Leigh, Mr. Michael Redgrave, Sir Thomas Beecham, and quite half the people you can think of.

American Helpfulness

Mrs. Jack Crawshaw is doing very good work with her Refugees of England Committee at 10 Woburn Square. The Countess of Abingdon is chairman, and they have received large shipments of supplies through the efforts of their committee in New York.

Miss Ruth Robinson, second daughter of Mrs. Randolph Robinson, of New York, is running a committee of young people to find homes for English children sent over for the duration of the war. She has many friends over here, and undertook the placing of fifty children suggested by them—which meant full responsibility and upkeep, owing to our rules about not sending money out of this country.

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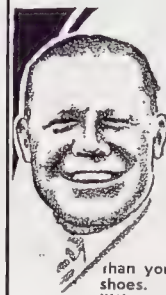
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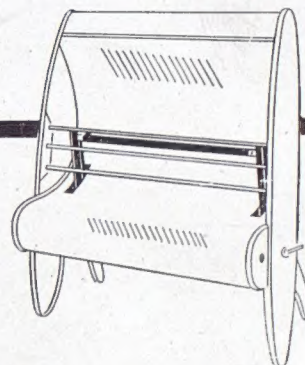


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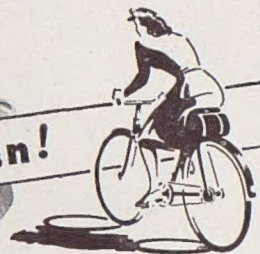
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